

COLLEGE CHEER

Motto: "We Knock to Boost "

Vol. VI. St. Joseph's College, November 26, 1913. No. 5.

ST. JOE 45—EXCELSIORS 0.

Chicago's second delegation to the southside arena proved easy pickings, and the St. Joe boys romped away with a listless 45 to 0 victory. In only one quarter, the first, did the visitors display any class. After that they weakened as the game progressed, St. Joe smashing through their line almost at will during the final session. In the third quarter two successful forward passes by Ryan to Boee placed the ball on St. Joe's forty yard line, but the Excelsiors could not stand the gaff, and fell down on their only chance to score.

The college squad showed a decided improvement over the previous Sunday's work especially on the offensive. Rich Murphy, who replaced McLaughlin in the back field, worked well with Monahan and Dowling, and was a factor in St. Joe's attack. The team showed more speed than in the Holy Cross game, and gave the men better interference. With the contest cinched in the last quarter, several of the regulars retired in favor of the subs who showed up well during the remainder of the game.

St. Joseph.	Position.	Excelsiors.
McLaughlin	le	Boee
Corbett	lt	Marcotte
Burdick	lg	Morgan
Tiffin	c	Brauch
Downey	rg	Fleischhauer
Smith	rt	Strongberg
Dalton	re	McDonald
N. Murphy	qb	Ryan
R. Murphy	rh	Blankheim
Monahan	lh	Gleason
Dowling	fb	Fisher

Subs: Silverstein, le, McCaffrey, lt, McGinn, lg, O'Connell, c, Seyfried, rg.

Touchdown: R. Murphy 2, Monahan 1, Dalton 1, Dowling 3. Referee, Nowells. Umpire, Eigelsbach, Lineman, Putts.

ACADEMICS 14—CARROLL HALL 15.

Coming up from behind after the Notre Dame boys had twice crossed their goal line, the Academics gallantly fought their way to the front in the second and third quarters only to fall down in the last few minutes of play.

The teams were evenly matched, and proceeded to make the game a thriller from the start. In the first quarter the St. Joe boy's error on a technicality of the rules allowed Barry to carry the pigskin over half the field for a touchdown. Line plunges by the visiting back field in the second quarter produced another touchdown, Osterlie carrying the ball over. St. Joe then settled down, and after receiving the kick off, good gains by McLaughlin and Downey placed the ball near the visitors' goal. With the ball several yards from Notre Dame's goal line St. Joe was held for downs, but Seyfried and McGinn blocked the punt, and the former recovered the ball for a touchdown. In the third quarter the Academics' attack soon repulsed the Carolites to the shadow of their own goal posts. The ball changed hands several times until Silverstein counted after Downey had made fifteen yards around left end. Muryhy again kicked goal.

Over-confident of victory St. Joe wavered sufficiently in the fourth quarter to allow the Notre Dame boys to push the ball to their fifteen yard line. Blackman was called back for a drop kick and responded with the boot that spelled victory for Carroll Hall.

Tiffin's return of punts; on the defensive Silverstein, Downey. McLaughlin and Smith featured for the Academics, while Barry, O'Brien and Osterlie did the bulk of the work for the Notre Dame contingent.

St. Joseph:		Carroll Hall:
McCaffrey	le	McGarren
Seyfried	lt	Brannen
Corbett	lg	Roche
Tiffin	c	Blackman
McGinn	rg	Susen
Smith	rt	Myers
O'Connell	re	Butler
Murphy	qb	Williams
Downey	lh	O'Brien
McLaughlin	rh	Barry
Silverstein	fb	Osterlie

Touchdowns: Barry, Osterlie, Silverstein, Downey. Field goal, Blackman. Goal from touchdown, Murphy 2. Referee, Dowling. Umpire, Eigelsbach. Lineman, Monahan. 15 min. quarters.

Conglomerated Optics.

THE TOLEDO DIOCESE.

Away up in the northwest corner of Ohio surrounded by a railfence and the Maumee river there is a tract of land that is going to bring fame to the United States. In politics it embraces about one fifth of Ohio's territory, but that's not all it does in politics; in ecclesiastical circles the Pope calls it the Toledo Diocese.

Toledo diocese is the home of cloverseed and smart men. It sends students to Europe, to Yale, to Harvard, and to St. Joseph's. The Toledo Diocese has the largest contingency at St. Joseph's, Pohlman and Bruin. The Toledo Diocese appears to get pretty boastful if we judge the way she casts "Defiance" at St. Joseph's in the persons of Max Walz and Albert Pessefall. Why if it were not for the Toledo Diocese, St. Joseph's would not have a faculty.

The Toledo Diocese is full of small towns, in fact many towns have the alleys of other towns as their corporation limits. Space permits the mention of only a few. Delphos is an eight day ride on the Wabash from Delphi, for by experience a student timed the trip by winding an eight day alarm clock in Delphi and when he arrived at Delphos the clock had run down. Every fall after Delphos has canned all its tomatoes, it gathers up the best products and ships them out to St. Joseph's together with a few price winners from Ottoville.

They made a mistake when they christened Fostoria. I think that they aimed to call it after Fletcher's Castoria. So since it has been baptized Fostoria, let it stand: but look out for Fostoria in the future because there is a bunch of "Blasers" around there, and no one knows what may happen to Collegeville when Fostoria lets loose.

Going through the Toledo Diocese is like going through Arkansas on mule back. The hand car local makes a round trip between North Auburn and New Washington every new moon.

There's nothing in Fremont but wisdom. They build their coal bins with wisdom there. When I went to St. Joseph they got their beans from Lima the home of Lima beans. The only consolation that Lima has, is that it is not the only town that has a chance to be situated in Ohio: Continental is there also. Glandorf and Ottawa are Ohio's "twin cities."

Say what you may about the Toledo Diocese and its towns, you must give credit where credit is due. The people of the Toledo Diocese know what St. Joseph's stands for, and they are there

when needed. Although one of the youngest dioceses, it is one of the most progressive in the United States. She needs a boost, and her people will give her a boost. "Mulchahy".

At the general meeting of the Athletic Association, held Nov. 16, James Fitzgerald was elected general manager of basket ball for the 1914 season.

In the Making.

"Have you got your composition for tomorrow?"

The person addressed rises with a start from the depths of a Ciceronian oration, grasps extravagantly, his eyes bursting wide with amazement, throws his hands over his face, and begins a slow toboggan off his chair beneath his desk. Having proceeded in this downward course for some short distance he comes slowly to stop, and just as slowly turns his eyes disparingly to his desk-mate.

"Gosh, I had forgotten all about it."

He is up again with a pop, and poor Cicero after a few shocking acrobatic stunts lands back on the shelf. The desk lid flies open and things inside suddenly find themselves in a general and indecorous whirl and mix-up. A few seconds of this results in the extraction of a scrap tablet and pencil. The lid comes down with a bang, and then follows a period of calm during which the perpetrator of all this commotion searches his pencil point, the clock, the ceiling, the walls and other surroundings for a subject, feels the texture of his hair and the quality of his scalp, and then tries his teeth on the other end of the pencil. All these efforts seem to avail nothing, so he turns to his friend for help.

"What shall I write about?"

"Search me," encourages the friend.

Finally the creature remembers that he has a brain, at least so he has learned from the scientists, and he becomes earnestly mentally industrious, in consequence of which exertion the patiently waiting scrap pad is surprised by one of those rare ideas which sometimes find lodgment on its pages. A process of evolution ensues during the course of which the pencil happily discovers that it is wonderfully efficient in destroying the beauty of the paper on which it slowly wears away its life. Finally the manuscript, decorated with numerous proofreading signs and marginal notes, is translated into ink and thus obtains its final form for better or worse—and it usually proves for the worse.

Th. F.

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EDITORIALS.

The suspense in which the foot ball world awaited the issue of the Army-Navy versus Predue game was broken when the wires buzzed with the tidings of a zero to zero score. Manager Cavanaugh of the Predue Eleven attributes his failure to score to a lack of speed, while coach Beck of the soldier and marine selects can only say, "Not sufficient wind." Sunday's gridiron treat was only a joke, and the "speed and wind" elements (minus sign prefixed) do not detract from St. Joe's athletic standing. There will not be many moons, however, before a number of the fellows who have been leading the soft life will be called upon to do basket ball duty for St. Joe. Needless to say "speed and wind" are determining factors in the making of a basket ball team. Needless be it also to say that the aforesaid requisites can be called into being in a minutes notice about as easily as a fellow runs in a dream. A trot every evening around the sand track or daily work on the bars will eventually bear fruit when the A. A. Board meets to determine the personnel of the Varsity.

Anthony Bombac, St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N. Y., and Henry Doll, St. Meinrad's College, are the latest additions to the "Cheer" subscription list.

Thomas Harrington, '13, writes from the American College at Rome, Italy, that he is well pleased with his lot in the Eternal City. Though away from his native shore only a few weeks, Tom does not fail to note how glorious Uncle Sam appears from the home of the struggling Italians.

Congratulations to Rev. Raphael Donnelly, who celebrated his first holy mass at St. Patrick's Church, Fort Wayne, Ind., last Sunday. Rev. Simon Kuhnmuensch, C. PP. S., represented the college at the festivity.

LOCALS.

John P. Bruin was a rounder's name;
'Twas at St. Joe he won his fame.
Surprising it was the potatoes he ate,
And how rapidly he took on weight.
One morn John said to our fast waiter

Joe,

"My O my, but you are slow,"
Joe made one pass at Bruin who shied
But John soon recovered and angrily
cried —

Refrain: "Potatoes, more Potatoes".

Words by LEO BECK

Music a la CASEY JONES.

McGinty—I read a fine autobiography during retreat.

Daniel—What is that; something like an automobile?

Maurer—Why no; an autobiography is a book which writes itself.

Daniel—Well, doesn't an automobile ride by itself.

Prof.—How can the pressure of water be increased?

Henehan—Let Tubby Delor sit in it.

Prof.—The ancients had an incredible love for the Marvelous. Now, John, repeat what I said about the childlike instincts of the ancients.

Bruin—(waking up) They had a love for marbles.

In Physics—Give an example of how cold contracts and heat expands materials.

Matchette — The days are short in winter and long in summer.

Bruckner—St. Joe is becoming a refuge for escaped convicts.

Dear—How's that?

Bruckner—Why look at Pohlhaben's and Ehinger's hair.

Pessimistic spectator—Why can't we get a good kicker for our eleven?

Fackler—Well, you for one couldn't make the team.

Keller—(discussing botany with Pat McCabe) Pat, what are hydrophytes?

Bro. David—(coming upon the scene) Big boys are hard to fight.

Goeckeler (who was booked) You get booked more easily after you are once booked, don't you?

Kuntz—Why no, you Simp. It will be harder the second time.

You ask why he diverts you with his jokes;

Yet if he writes, is as dull as other folks.

You wonder at it? This, Sir, is the case; The jest is lost unless he prints his face.

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